Phone Tap

Ewun

[Featuring Dr. Dre]

Nas:

Yo this Esco, who this

AZ:

what's the dilly

I just touch grounds down in Philly

Brought a pound with me

Feds floatin around silly

Tryin ta find land

They suppose ta be in the benz

Parked in row ten, hard in that slohokwan

Should of known she was a bitch that we both could of boned

This post of this loan

The ass had us both in the zone

But you know the rules

Both been schooled by older dues

I know the Jews

No time for them thoughts, to much to lose

Just tryin to vibe to them ho's role with the ride

Where's your joint Pras

You know little Dezk gotcha eyes

Nas:

In the cut, drop Z ok the tops up

Left the mall bought little Amo the toy truck

Your boy's what, three years old know correct

He and my daughter's age neck and neck

They furtures set

In the background's a old cassette

Fly Stephanie Mills shit

what's the deal with all this shit I'm hearin up top

You got arrested, shot affair, one with a cop

That ain't ya stee, you usually low key with no T

I'm only goin on for what some weak bitch told me

AZ:

That's some ill shit

Hear that bitch go with a click

Nas:

Dun I'll hit you right back cause the static is stick

Guy Speaking in spanish

Chorus(Dr.Dre):

We got you phone tap

What you gonna do

Cause sooner or later will have your whole crew

All we need now is the right word or two to make all it stick like

glue

Then you threw

We got you phone tap

What you gonna do

Cause sooner or later will have your whole crew

All we need now is the right word or two to make all it stick like

glue

We got you

AZ:

We just hit the cribo

I'm cruled up on this pillow

I'm still low, hold this ill news these niggas killed more

The shit touched me

Tryin ta chill, just lit a dutche from a while back

Same foul cats who tryed to bust me

Caught em' sleeppin

A spanish harlem with some portoricans

Up in washington heights right off the decan

Feel owful speakin for some vians that feels the phone tap

Along with gats left with a vest to watch my own back

Nas:

Keep your eyes open

Stay wide, shit is mind blowin

Look for any sign showin, one time is knowin

About the dynasty, shit is not minor leauges no more

Cats bleed in this cold war

Some we took an oath, then this life took us both

We rich now, milk the whole cow, split the growth

Now I'm on the car doin, headlights on

Fluid in the windsheild wipes gone

This lifes scarmed

Its formin in the sky

You comin home tomorrow, will you drive or will you fly

hold up my other side

Nature:

Yo son some other cats tried to rulin our plans

Sendin to decoy bitches with pictures of you and ya man

Askin ya where abouts

I gave them no leads

For all the nigga know them ho's fuck with the police

Nas:

No shit I'm clickin over

I'ma tell Sosa quick son

Them outer state bitches tryin to get us both hit

That was Nate, he hit me last night late while in my ho's stomach

Said it's no hundred

We FBI's most wanted

So play the low, change ya cloths, pack ya bags

Watch what you say on this phone, get home fast

Chrous

AZ:

Yo it's all good. I'ma hit you when I touch down tomorrow son. Word.

Nas:

Stay on point. Don't even use the phone, just come to my crib yo, word

up.

AZ:

Out.

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com
written by Cruz, Anthony S / Taylor, Chris B / Young, Andre Romell / Jones, Nasir / Baxter, Jeff
Lyrics Â© EMI Music Publishing, Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., Universal Music Publishing Group

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/